Must be my conduct in the secret night.
Hold, take that for thy paines.

Nur: No, not a penie truly.

Rom: I say you shall not chuse.

Nur: Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.

Rom: Farewell, be trustie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit*

Nur: *Peter*, take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iul: The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nurse,
In halfe an houre she promist to returne.
Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.
Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds should be thoughts,
And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,
Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

Enter Nurse.

Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle Nurse,
What sayes my Loue?

Nur: Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while. Lord how my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me some aqua vitæ.

Iul: I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.

Nur: Fie, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a tother side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.

Iul: But tell me sweet Nurse, what sayes *Romeo*?

Nur: *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees no bodie, he is not the Flower of curtesie, he is not a proper man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy way wench, thou hast it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head beates?

Iul: What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our mariage?

Nur: Marry he sayes like an honest Gentleman, and a kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?

Iul: Lord, Lord, how odly thou repliest? He saies like a kinde

kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous; wheres your mother?

Nur: Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while? is this the poultesse for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue done, euen doot your selfe.

Iul: Nay stay sweet Nurse, I doo intreate thee now,
What sayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo*?

Nur: Goe, hye you straight to Friar *Laurence* Cell,
And frame a scuse that you must goe to shrift:
There stayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
I must prouide a ladder made of cordes,
With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest soone.
I must take paines to further your delight,
But you must beare the burden soone at night.
Doth this newes please you now?

Iul: How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.
Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines,
And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Frier.

Rom: Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant
Consists the good of me and *Iuliet*.

Fr: Without more words I will doo all I may,
To make you happie if in me it lye.

Rom: This morning here she pointed we should meet,
And consumate those neuer parting bands,
Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,
And come she will.

Fr: I gesse she will indeed,
Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

Enter Iuliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.

See where she comes.
So light of foote nere hurts the troden flowers:
Of loue and ioy, see see the soueraigne power.

Iul: *Romeo*.

Rom: